

THE WORLD.

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"WORLD" GROWTH
DURING "ONE TERM!"Number of "WORLDS" Printed During
the Week Ending October 11, 1884 (Last
Presidential Campaign):

739,170.

NUMBER OF "WORLDS" PRINTED DURING
THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER
13, 1888:

1,979,475.

"THE EVENING WORLD'S" MAIL.

The early mail of THE EVENING WORLD this morning contained a good many hundred letters. They were mainly from correspondents, and the labor of opening the envelopes and reading those which contain written or printed matter is enough to occupy a dozen clerks for some hours.

THE EVENING WORLD receives every day suggestions, inquiries and appeals which not only show the interest taken in it as a newspaper, but prove that many people regard it as a great benevolent institution which can relieve all wants and remedy all evils. Well, THE EVENING WORLD certainly does something in this direction; but our readers would smile if they knew how much was expected of us.

LOOKING CHILDREN UP.

The public school teacher in Brooklyn who looked three little boys in a room in a school building yesterday and then went home and forgot them ought to be relieved from his educational duties and made a keeper in a penitentiary. The boys tried every means of liberating themselves without success, and had settled themselves to sleep as well as they could, when the father of one of them, discovering where the children were, broke open the doors at 10 o'clock at night and released them.

The teacher gave no thought to the anxiety of the parents or to the sufferings of the children left without food or warmth in a dark room all night. The practice of looking children up alone as a punishment is a senseless and a dangerous one and ought to be prohibited in the public schools. It is alleged that it is a favorite method with this special teacher, who should be looked out of the schools himself if the report is correct.

THE BOSTON CODE OF HONOR.

Boston owes a debt of gratitude to her distinguished Professor of Slugging, JOHN L. SULLIVAN. He has laid down a code of honor for the chivalry of the Hub which is in accordance with the many attributes of Tom Cunn and the Whitechapel Chicken, while free from the bloodthirstiness of the Southern fire-eater.

Two young blokes of East Boston fell in love with the same dame. Both are attractive in person and eligible as to means. The fair one found herself puzzled to choose, between them, the one who was present being for the time the favorite. But last evening, while walking with one suitor, the other put in an appearance, and the young lady under such circumstances was completely at a loss to make a selection. She could only sing the song from "The Beggar Student," "How happy could I be with either, were 'tender dear charmer away!"

Then came in the blessing of John L.'s example. No pistols were drawn; there was no deadly insult followed by a challenge to a duel. The rivals quietly agreed to adjourn to a vacant lot on Chelsea street and fight for the coveted stakes, and the young lady agreed to take for her accepted lover the best man in the scrap.

The fight was a lively one and seven rounds were fought. At the close of the seventh, one of the combatants lay "knocked out" on the field of battle, while the victor took a turn as a neighboring pump and then walked off with the prize, who had quietly awaited the result of the contest.

How much more humane is this than a savage duel. The victor can now enjoy his fiancée with no blood on his head, except such as flowed from his rival's nose.

A NOVEL DIVORCE CASE.

A singular divorce suit was before the Boston courts yesterday. A young married woman, Mrs. SARAH W. GUY went to reside with her parents in Boston in consequence of her husband's failure in business out West, until his affairs should improve. Mrs. GUY opened a lodging-house in order to earn a living, and one of her boarders, named GEORGE EWAN, became attached to her and offered marriage. She told him she had a husband living and did not want any other. But GEORGE was so far gone in love that he entered into a conspiracy

with some friends, induced Mrs. GUY to drink to excess one evening and then had a marriage ceremony performed.

When subsequently told of the marriage Mrs. GUY absolutely refused to recognize her pretended husband, and yesterday the Court granted her a divorce from EWAN, although she was never legally married to him. The singular part of the proceedings was the testimony of EWAN, who admitted the conspiracy, but said that he supposed Mrs. GUY would be forced to recognize the marriage when she got sober.

The Court, while granting the divorce, withheld the decree until some measures have been taken to punish those who were in the conspiracy.

The London police are evidently being grieved. The transmission by mail of half a human kidney, carefully wrapped up, to the persons engaged in discovering the secret of the Whitechapel butcheries is a ghastly joke. But no one doubts it to be a hoax, nevertheless.

The managers of railroads had better look after their several lines. Just now there seems to be an epidemic of railroad accidents, and they are nearly all of an unusually fatal character.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.



WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Langtry told an Omaha reporter that she loves nothing better than to attend to her household duties, and that she delights in doing her own clothes-mending.

Millionaire Flood was once worth \$400,000, it is said, but his present fortune is estimated at \$100,000. The difference is due to the great shrinkage in the values of Comstock mining stocks and to his loss of \$30,000 in the Nevada Bank wheat deal.

Miss Hattie Pullman, the youngest daughter of the great car builder, who has gone abroad with Mrs. Logan to perfect her education, is said to be a very charming girl, who talks well, rides well, dances, is an expert lawn tennis player, and possesses many other accomplishments.

The second-hand stores of New Orleans are said to be great places for "nose" in valuable antique furniture, handsome pieces of early French and Spanish make, imported by wealthy Creoles of early days, being frequently surrendered to the dealer by descendants too reduced in circumstances to keep them.

"Long John" Wentworth, who died in Chicago the other day, left a fortune of \$4,000,000, to \$5,000,000, invested chiefly in real estate. As an evidence of his resources, it is related that during the financial panic of 1873 he walked into the Merchants Bank in Chicago and laid down \$300,000 to sustain the bank during the crisis.

T'WAS A VERY SHORT HUNT.

At Least 800 Solutions of the Gladstone Puzzle Came in the Early Mails.

That Gladstone case puzzle published yesterday may be a very good thing to bewilder the slow-moving wits of the Londoners, but THE EVENING WORLD readers made short work with it.

Practical as they are at solving all sorts of puzzles, they went at this composite picture yesterday with an ingenious zeal that should shame their British cousins. Their solutions flooded THE EVENING WORLD mailbags this morning. We haven't counted all the solutions yet, but there are at least 800, with several mails yet to hear from.

Most of the pictures are neatly folded, bringing out the features of the Grand Old Man with great distinctness. As promised in the announcement we published only the names of the first ten who sent in the picture correctly folded. They are as follows: Theodore E. Murray, aged fourteen, 37 Charles street, Brooklyn; John J. Swords, 116 West Fortieth street; N. B. Cozzens, 230 West Fifteenth street; Joseph Epstein, 71 Centre street; Mrs. E. E. Marriot, 44 Washington Square; George L. Betts, 404 Fourth avenue; E. F. Phillips, 364 Sixth avenue; M. F. McNally, 241 East Seventy-seventh street; George B. Waters, 212 Calver street, Brooklyn; E. D. Johnson, 400 Fourth avenue; Oscar Wolf, aged twelve, 1842 Third avenue. Over half of these received last evening, and the others came in the first mail this morning. Hundreds of others sent in pictures so neatly folded that they deserve mention, but we are obliged to draw the line of publication at the first ten correct solutions.

PLENTY OF BLIZZARDS COMING.

At Least That is What Many Prophets Prophecy.

Still the postal cards come in great bundles, with their predictions for the Winter's coldest three days. Here are a few of them:

An Attachment on the Prize.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD: I will put an "attachment" on the \$100 by predicting the following days to be the coldest (perhaps for me): Dec. 30, 1888, Jan. 18 and Feb. 27, 1889. Make the check payable to K. C. K.

129 East One Hundred and Eighteenth street.

K. C. K.

Get Out the Snowshoes.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD: See that your staff of reporters get their snowshoes and big fur coats, for Dec. 15, 1888, Jan. 12, 1889, and March 27, 1889, will be days to be remembered.

ALFRED BERMAN,

82 East One Hundred and Eleventh street.

Oct. 17.

A Matter of Brain Work.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD: I think it is a pretty hard job for a person to guess the coldest three days, but it is a matter of brain work, so here we are: Jan. 9, Jan. 21 and Feb. 3, 1889.

J. R.

560 Eleventh avenue, New York City.

In Strict Confidence.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD: I will give you, in strict confidence, the three coldest days the coming Winter, viz.: Dec. 27, 1888, Jan. 11 and March 5, 1889.

L. J. J. FRANKS,

190 Jackson avenue, Jersey City.

An Irish Prophecy.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD: My progenitors were Irish prophets; naturally I am one. I prognosticate that Nov. 30, Dec. 1 and 2 will be the coldest days.

P. J. DUFFY, Ashland House, New York.

A Hailing Forenoon.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD: In January, the date nineteen.

The coldest weather will be seen;

But in February, date twenty-four.

The next coldest day count March first.

Third day in rate and yet the worst.

In eighteen hundred eighty-nine

Is the above intended time.

Oct. 17.

ORVILLE.

The great benefits of MONSIEUR'S TREATING CORDIAL are testified to by all who use it. 25 cents.

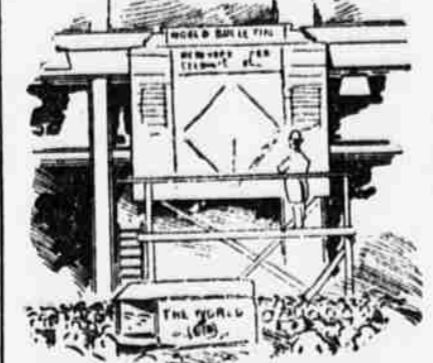
THAT DANDY BULLETIN.

Nearly Five Thousand People
Watched It Yesterday.

Every Detail of the Ball Game
Reproduced on the Diagram.

What the Crowd Had to Say About
This Novel Journalistic Enterprise.

Nearly five thousand people congregated on Park Row, in front of THE EVENING WORLD office, yesterday and eagerly watched the progress of the game on the Polo Grounds between St. Louis and New York as it was portrayed on the novel bulletin-board diagram.



ON! IT'S A GREAT SUCCESS!

Only in times of intense political excitement, or after a great battle in war times, had such a crowd been seen in front of a newspaper office. The street was covered with jostling humanity. Looking from THE EVENING WORLD office windows, on the third floor, one could see not an inch of unoccupied ground.

Street cars and wagons went by, but it seemed as if they were passing along over the heads of the spectators. Heads were thrust out of the car windows. Conductors and drivers were interested as much as any others. Even the car horses turned and looked in the direction in which every one else was looking.

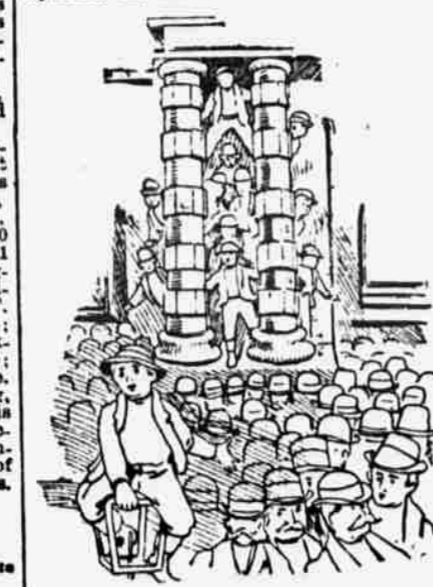
Promptly at 3 o'clock the young man of THE EVENING WORLD staff who manipulates the pegs on the black diamond prepared for work, and shortly afterwards click-click went the telegraph instrument, bringing the news direct from the Polo Grounds.

Latham, first to bat for St. Louis, hit safe. Rapidly THE EVENING WORLD young man shoved the blue peg over to first base, while another peg was set after the legend "Safe Hit," showing just how "Lat" made first.

Well, the crowd received this news calmly enough. Admirers of the Browns cheered, but it was not that lusty, cry-clearing yell of the true New Yorker, who loves his Giants. That came a few minutes later, when St. Louis retired without making a run, and the crowd was excited enough, but one not of the favored who were present cannot even imagine the scene that ensued when New York in his half of the first inning batted out two runs in rapid succession. Staid bustled men jumped up and down, howling like mad. The newsmen laid their papers down in the street and yelled. Up in the Post-Office Building, at the windows on the Park Row side, men and women were to be seen clapping their hands and cheering as if for their dear lives.

The excitement continued just that way until the end of the game.

Between the double columns before the main entrance to the Post-Office, on the Park Row side, there is just room for a boy to squeeze. He can obtain a foothold between



THE GALLERY CODES.

the columns, on the rings carved in the stone. On these rings, to watch that bulletin board out on the sidewalk; but above the other, all the way from the ground up to the first floor.

If the top lad should happen to forget himself and he would probably knock him back out on the sidewalk; but indifferent to danger, he clung there until the end of the game.

Coroner Nugent, passing that way, said: "It's wonderful, but I never saw anything like it. I wondered what interest the people could find in watching a game played like this. I was passing and stopped. Here I have remained ever since. I'll wait until the end of the game, now."

Police Capt. Carpenter and a squad of men from the Oak street station were present to keep a sidewalk square clear. They found no trouble in doing so, as the people behind kept ever surging forward.

THE EVENING WORLD expert, handling the pegs, was voted a dandy and received an ovation from the spectators. When the telegrapher mounted the rostrum, just previous to the beginning of the game, he was cheered heartily also.

The men at the Polo Grounds are envious in a good-natured way of THE WORLD's miniature ball field. Handsome Jim Mutrie said: "I understand it's as good as witnessing the game at the Polo Grounds. 'Tain't fair, my boys declare."

He was assured that it was only a desire to please the public that originated the new field, to which he answered: "I know it. I feel glad to know that when we are out of town our games can still be seen and admired by proxy by our friends in New York."

An EVENING WORLD reporter, who mingled with the great crowd, heard the following expressions of opinion:

Andrew Penn said: "It was a happy and mighty taking idea, that getting up a novel thing of this kind. No paper but yours would have thought of such a scheme practicable; but you have succeeded in giving the people an extremely good representation of the game as it is in progress at the Polo Grounds."

George Stone—It's great! I have often wondered that such a bulletin was not brought by some newspaper, but always thought their failure to do so was because such an arrangement could not be conducted. You deserve great credit.

Nat Johnson, Captain of the Allstars (amateur) Baseball Club—Hurrah for THE EVENING WORLD. Who ever thought we could see a ball game without going to the grounds, but we can by just watching your "dummy." It's a wonderful thing, and the man who got it up ought to get a patent out.

Henry Wilderson—THE EVENING WORLD

leads in everything and its contemporaries generally copy after it, but they won't have the nerve to steal this idea, as the fraud would be too open. The paper deserves the thanks of the public.

Hugh Galvin—Your counterfeit presentation of the World's Championship games is an overwhelming success. It is in keeping with the rest of THE EVENING WORLD's bright ideas.

William Casey, of 241 East Seventy-ninth street, who was one of the crowd, said: "I have seen every game played on the Polo Grounds this year, but this beats it. I have never seen more excitement than I witness here to-day."

John Redfield, a truck driver, left his horse on a street and watched the game. To an EVENING WORLD reporter he said: "I like it immensely."

"I give THE EVENING WORLD great credit for that Latham for him of Capt. Cassidy (a Democrat), the resignation of Ward Detective Etienne Bayer and the transfer of Al-laire's old force of political ward detectives, has put a check on the schemers, and Capt. Cassidy promises that every tramp or scoundrel who attempts to vote on an illegal registration shall not only be arrested but prosecuted."

The Tenth, Sixth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Precincts have hundreds of lodgers along the East River, which become nests of colonizers at Presidential election, and Capt. McCullagh, Jr. (Republican), Meakin (Democrat), Brogan (Democrat) and McCullagh, Jr. (Republican), will be held responsible by the Superintendent for their vigilance, and they are told that caution must be used.

Chief Inspector Byrnes is watching the registration, aided by ward men, and the colonizers from Pennsylvania will learn to their sorrow that Philadelphia tactics do not pay here and that there is no Boss McManes, of Philadelphia, who is stronger than the law.

It is said that there has been colonization in several districts in the Nineteenth Precinct, and that no less than 125 colored men have registered from a single house in West Twenty-seventh street.

On that street there are two tenements in which upward of thirty families reside.

In both of these houses lodgers are taken by the week or month. Further on there are three other houses, built to accommodate the room of these are several frame houses which are filled with lodgers.

Capt. Kelly is earnest in his endeavor to prevent illegal voting in his precinct, and Capt. Kelly is earnest in his endeavor to prevent illegal voting in his precinct, and Capt. Kelly is earnest in his endeavor to prevent illegal voting in his precinct.

Representative Temperance Women.

They are Gathered at the National W. C. T. U. Convention Opening To-day.

Whether the change of the time of meeting of the fifteenth annual Convention of the National Woman's Christian Union from November, after election, to October, before election, and of the place from Denver to New York, has any political significance, as has been alleged by those who are hurt by the Presidential candidacy of Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, will develop during the next four days.

But there can be no doubt that the Sorosis at the Metropolitan Opera-House is a most representative temperance body.

The scene there this morning was reminiscent of the scene at the National Convention, as there was any amount of buttonholing and whispered consultations among the 400 delegates from Alaska and Florida, New Mexico and Maine and every other locality in this glorious Union.

Mrs. Mary Towne Burk, the delightfully common-sense and remarkably handsome President of the New York Sorosis, stood as a guide-post at the door, and at 9 o'clock there were thousands of women in the house.

Every balcony was crowded with spectators, while the body of the house was reserved to the delegates.

There was Gen. Fisk in the lobby, dressed in military style with the white sash, and daughters of voters in every State, Messrs. Cleveland, Harrison and Cowdrey would have felt blue had they looked in on the scene.

Among those present were National President Frances E. Willard, of Illinois; Secretary Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, of Ohio; Mrs. S. M. L. Henry, of Illinois, Chairman of the Executive Committee; Mrs. J. C. Rogers, of C. U.; Mrs. S. C. Chescon, of Texas; Mrs. Caroline B. Buell, of Connecticut; Esther Pugh, of Ohio; Dr. Mary Keel Burnett, of Illinois; Julia Thoms, of New York; Mrs. Helen G. Rice, Mrs. Frances Crawford, Mrs. Clara Hoffman, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Lathrop, Mrs. Ada M. Jarrett, from New Mexico; Miss Elizabeth Tobey, Mrs. Henrietta Monroe, Mrs. Josephine K. Nichols, Caroline A. Moorhead, Ellen M. Watson, Willam T. Wardwell, Rev. W. H. Boole, Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, the temperance publishers; Joseph A. Rogers, Mrs. W. E. Dodge, Lillie Devereaux Blake, W. Jennings Demorest, Mrs. T. D. La Fette, J. Ellen Foster, Frances J. Barnes, Mrs. Salie Chapin and a host of other prominent women.

The meeting opened with an hour of prayer under the leadership of Mrs. S. M. L. Henry, of Illinois.

"A SAD COQUETTE."

There is something incredibly charming about Miss Estelle Clayton, in the music of her voice and the lissome healthiness of her movements. It is a pity that she cannot secure a play in which these points, and these alone, can have full scope.

"A Sad Coquette," which succeeded "The Quick and the Dead" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night, Miss Clayton was wonderfully lacking in emotional power. Rhoda Broughton's wonderfully pathetic story in Miss Clayton's hands was absolutely colorless; only in the comedy, flirtatious scenes was she in the least successful. Why, oh why do so many actresses hanker after parts in which they can, when their every characteristic speaks so forcibly of buoyant, exuberant life? Miss Clayton dragging her wholesome body in a death agony across the stage was utterly unbecoming. Look at the deep Atlantic rolls between the Misses Clayton and Broughton. The supporting company was inadequate. Miss Alice Mansfield, however, contributed a pleasant little sketch of an old maid, little Florence Kithly was clever and W. M. Fairbanks as a curate was acceptable.

ALAN DALL.

Having a Great Male.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

Mr. Russell (author of "The Sugar's Bride")—Ah, I see you have quite a number of copies of that delightfully interesting new novel, "The Sugar's Bride," at Bookstore (effusively)—Yes, sir!—And since we put the price of it down from \$1.50 to 75 cents, they're going off like hot cakes. Can't I sell you a copy?

Dropped Dead in the Street.

Bob Sullivan, forty years, of 414 West Twenty-ninth street, dropped dead on the sidewalk at Tenth avenue and Twenty-ninth street at 6 o'clock this morning. The body was taken to the Morgue.

Sick Headache

May arise from stomach troubles, biliousness or dyspepsia, and many persons are subject to a periodic headache for which they can ascertain no direct or definite cause. But the headache is a sure indication that there is something wrong somewhere, and whatever the cause, Hood's Sarsaparilla is a reliable remedy for headache, and for all troubles which seem to require a corrective and restorative. It cures dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, tones the stomach, creates an appetite and gives strength to the nerves.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists, \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

BAFFLING THE COLONIZERS.

LODGING-HOUSE REGISTERS CAREFULLY
SCRUTINIZED BY THE POLICE.

No Such Illegal Registration to Be Allowed in the Downtown Districts as at Last Election—Salutary Results of the Transfers of Police Capitals—Suspicious Work in the Nineteenth.

The police chiefs think there is very little doubt that colonizing is going on in this city, as reports come in that cheap lodgings are filling up with suspicious lodgers. The police captains have been instructed to keep a sharp lookout, and copies of lodging-house records are being made. In suspected establishments detectives, disguised as lodgers, are registered and will act with colonizers so as to secure their detection and arrest.

The Eighth District has been a favorite stamping ground for colonization, and Johnny O'Brien and his heels have done pretty much as they pleased hitherto, but the transfer of Capt. Allaire to another field, the substitution for him of Capt. Cassidy (a Democrat), the resignation of Ward Detective Etienne Bayer and the transfer of Al-laire's old force of political ward detectives, has put a check on the schemers, and Capt. Cassidy promises that every tramp or scoundrel who attempts to vote on an illegal registration shall not only be arrested but prosecuted.

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